

The Good Ship Rover

The Irish Rovers

I'm the son of a son of a sailor and I spend all me
time on the sea.
On a tall clipper ship named the Rover, she's home to
my shipmates and me.
We've sailed her through all kinds of weather, through
waves that were high as the mast.
And she brings us back safely to Ireland to her home in
the port of Belfast.

And we'll drink to the health of the Rover. Likewise to
her Captain and Crew.
May kind Providence shine upon them whenever they're
out on the Blue.

The goodship lies ready at anchor. We sail with the
tide in the morn.
Across the Atlantic to Boston and to Frisco around by
Cape Horn.
Fairwell and adieu to you Nancy! I'm off to the sea for
awhile.
But you are the one I will think on til I'm back on
Paddy's Green Isle.

And we'll drink to the health of the Rover. Likewise to
her Captain and Crew.
May kind Providence shine upon them whenever they're
out on the Blue.

We're now in full sail on the ocean with the westerly
wind blowin' free.
She cuts like a knife through the water, she rules
every wave of the sea.
She's the fastest tall clipper a sailin', the pride of
the company line.
Doing 17 knots in the voyage she'll hurry ya back home
in fine time.

And we'll drink to the health of the Rover. Likewise to
her Captain and Crew.
May kind Providence shine upon them whenever they're
out on the Blue.

And now we're nearin' olde Ireland, for the harbor has
come into sight.
The lassies are all on the dockside, there'll be singin
and dancing tonight.
We'll be drinkin' strong whiskey and porter, til they
carry us out through the door.
And when we have spent all our money we'll go back on
the Rover once more.

And we'll drink to the health of the Rover. Likewise to
her Captain and Crew.
May kind Providence shine upon them whenever they're
out on the Blue.

And we'll drink to the health of the Rover. Likewise to

her Captain and Crew.

May kind Providence shine upon them whenever they're
out on the Blue.